MEMOIRS of

James and Meribah Farmer

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To Judge Hackman.

With the kind regards of

L. C. J. Davies.

June 1909.

"Like the moonlight glorious breaking
Through the fleeting, sable clouds,
Steps a vision forth in splendor—
Out of memory's veiling clouds."

THE MEMOIRS

OF

James and Meribah Farmer

BY

THEIR DAUGHTER,

Lydia Ethel Farmer Painter.

1139146

Dedicated

TO their children, and their children's children, to the, *now*, third generation, this small part of *a remembrance* of our father and mother; in sainted memory forever!

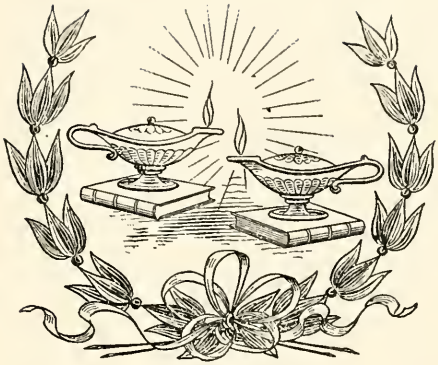
Dear hearts,—

"the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again;
And calling back from care and pain
And death's funereal sadness—
Draws round its old familiar blaze,
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober woman's gaze
A glimpse of childhood's gladness."

Cleveland, O.,
March, 1900.

JAMES FARMER.
1878.

MERIBAH FARMER.
1878.



James and Meribah Farmer

"His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

WHEN, in the very fullness of truth it may be said of any life, it was exemplary in living, triumphant in dying, we gather into one line the whole—no more *need* be said. But Remembrance and Gratitude are not content that a theme so rich, so dear, should be no more than touched upon; and so, with the years coming and going, widening the distance between these years and those in which our dear father and mother lived in conscious presence among us, it is with an all-reverent love and a sweet, undimmed remembrance that I would write for us their children—and for their children's children, and for many kind and valued friends, a something more than one line of them. To set up, as it were, a stone to mark the pathway of their coming and going, and thereon to make record of that to which their lives bore fullest testimony. And as it was my privilege to see how in the daily living of our dear father and mother, was fulfilled the command

of their Lord laid upon them—His earnest disciples—so I now make it my privilege to bear witness how the blessed promises of their Lord were in large measure made good to them through the comfort of a sustaining and triumphant faith, and in which they received the summons: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The earliest of our many happy remembrances must be of that hour of family worship at which our mother (who early in her life was an accepted minister in the Society of Friends) so reverently read and expounded the Scriptures. This consecrated hour held uninterruptedly through the long and busy years of our parents' lives, no break, notwithstanding the early years of their married life were filled with the multitude of affairs not separable from an almost pioneer life. Our grandfather and father went into the wilderness when they built their homes on the banks of the little Yellow Creek in the southern part of Ohio—amid an

almost primeval forest. The mountainous hills came down to the banks of the little stream in a wooded splendor of pine, beech and oak, and the main highway ran through long stretches of country sparsely settled.

"O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth."

"For two alone—
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver, shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love that says not *mine and thine*
But ours,—for ours is thine and mine."

They needed no guests;

"their needs must be
Each other's own best company."

It was toward this to be made-paradise-spot in the wilderness of Ohio, that our grandparents Farmer and grandparents Butler were bringing our father and mother; when with their young children they crossed the great lonely mountains to make their new homes in the West.

Our grandfather Farmer came from the far South, Georgia; our grandfather Butler from Pennsylvania, the one in 1805—(our father three years of age) the other in 1811—(our mother six years of age) and both families "pitched their tents" in well-nigh the same neighborhood. New Garden—Goshen—are now as then small villages, no long remove from the better-known town of Salem, and it was in proximity to these, in the very heart of the forest, that the new homes were made; our mother remaining in hers until she grew into the full strength, as well as a marked fairness, of womanhood: and until that early autumn day—the 1st of 10th month, (October) 1834, on which she rode away horseback—light silk gown and all—because the roads were too bad for a carriage—and in the little, forest-environed Meeting-House was married to "James Farmer," our father, and then and there set *her* life to *his*,

"Like perfect music unto noble words."

* * * * *

Directly the wedding celebration was finished in the home of the bride, our father and mother set off for their new home, some twenty-five miles away, among the wilder and more picturesque beauty of the hill-country in Columbiana county.

Our father had already made a goodly beginning during the years in which he had, with our grandfather, opened up and developed the resources of those hills and valleys through which the little Yellow Creek took its way, toward the Ohio River, and on whose banks our father had built the comfortable frame house to which in the early autumn days he journeyed with his bride.

There it was their seven children were born—whom they named, Elihu, Beulah, Ellen, Lydia, Laura, Elizabeth, James :—

"And now I see the table wider grown;—
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light—"

and at this table, and everywhere throughout the household our

mother gave to our father that incomparably beautiful proof—to his often declared belief, that no

"House hath ever gained prosperity
without the grace
Of woman's noble nature."

* * * * *

Neither our grandfather nor father had gone into this wilderness for the sake of mere subsistence. Together they began the development of the resources of a country that in time yielded a rich reward to, especially, our father's splendid and untiring energies. In all the country 'round, and for many a "Sabbath day's journey" into it, the name, *James Farmer*, stood for integrity, progress, success, and all that goes to guarantee to men the thing they seek when they push out into new fields.

Settlers came, and the little hamlet grew, and in no long time was given the name "Salineville." Up to this time, our grandfather and father had made their business ventures and successes together, but,

Home of
James and Meribah Farmer
at
Salineville, Ohio.

about this time, our grandfather retired from active business life, leaving our father to carry forward the ever-increasing business interests single-handed. These were years that tested the strength, physical and mental, of both our father and mother, and from them they emerged "more than conquerors." I am sure it could never have occurred to the mind of any child of theirs that their father or mother could make failure in any undertaking, and that they did not was owing to no so-called "luck" or "chance." Our father was quick to disclaim these expressions, as well as the idea that good fortune, successful outcomes, were to be regarded as things of "luck," "chance," rather than the result of honest effort, its spring from honest principle, and the outcome *a gift* of a beneficent Providence.

Though our father and mother, in these early years, must have felt the hand of a compelling necessity urging them to energetic action, they rushed not blindly on, bound

to the wheel-of-doing day and day, and every hour of every day. They were not bond slaves of this sort, nor did they sell their birth-right in the intellectual and spiritual to *Necessity*, however large and legitimate its demands. Of duty there was "enough and to spare;" of leisure there would have been none in a household less executively managed; but in their home Duty and Leisure were as felicitously wedded as were our parents, and if the demands of the one were exacting they were never allowed to be overwhelming. Thus true values held, and time for the better thing was rescued from the great on-rush of daily affairs. The absence of any trait of character or any action on the part of our father and mother that even approached the erratic, was most apparent; and their good, strong sense and poise of character, made them representative of that class, of whom our grandfather Farmer was wont to say, there were few. To quote him: "There are many people with various sorts of

sense, and some of it very extraordinary, but very few people with plain common sense."

Of these few, our father and mother were! And what a healthy, hearty superior kind of common sense theirs was! And how it kept all things in a restful balance! No precipitation, no procrastination; a time and place for all things; no license, no bondage; a proportion in trustfulness that saved it from improvidence; a deliberation in decision that saved it from bluntness; and so all things, in spite of any inherent differences, were made harmonious. And thus side by side our father and mother grew in strength and beauty like unto oaks of the forest—in the forest.

In those early days, hospitality was governed by no code of formal etiquette, but the latch-string being always out a cordial welcome greeted every guest, whether he was the expected friend or the belated traveller who asked a night's shelter for himself and horse. With the advance of civilization, this

simple and truly picturesque form of hospitality went, but never passed from the natures of our father and mother. Many's the charming hour we have had listening to our father recount his own experiences when, as a stranger belated, on some of his long rides over the mountains, he received the kindly hospitality of some settler's fireside.

With a nature courteous and kind, with a wealth of geniality, and with a keen appreciation of the humorous side of things, our father made a rare good companion at home or abroad. His sense of justice made his rulings true and acceptable, and his great tact and versatility of mind and resources made him successful where others failed. Nothing was more apparent than the close analogy that existed in our father's and mother's characters, but in manner there was a difference as interesting as it was marked. Both were good readers of human nature, and both possessed intuitive powers of the best; and when a stranger accosted our father

he responded with a cordiality that said: "You *are* my friend!" nor was the compliment withdrawn until there was proof of unworthiness. With our mother, a stranger received her courteous greeting with that half reserve which says: "You *may be* my friend! *are* you worthy?"

Differing in experiences, as must the lives of man and woman, the joy of theirs was, that the bonds of interest and affection were *close*, making their experiences in all the world of inner living well-nigh identical, and giving to their domestic relations those felicities that prove

> —"great hearts expand
> And grow one in the sense of this world's life."

If there were differences in degree of feeling, thinking, these but served to insure variety within the harmony of their lives, no interference with the *oneness*, for in no lives could it be more truly said that in the unity of the spirit did they dwell together in the bonds of peace! No monotonous acquiescence or spirit-dulling concessions, but healthful, hearty

agreement! In this were their children taught with a cheerful salutariness, that there was no appeal from the decisions of the one parent to the other.

In personal appearance, our father and mother had few superiors. Tall, well-proportioned, and with a natural dignity that lent great grace, and was a charming factor in the much and all that went to make them what they undeniably were—handsome. This or that attractive feature (whether physical or mental) in our mother, served our father with a pretext for his ever ready and sincere compliments. The charm of this altogether sincere and spontaneous gallantry on our father's part was delightfully enhanced by an ever pleased surprise, a certain naivete on the part of our mother; a surprise that seemed never to grow less, certainly never valued less.

Like a pretty excuse it was for his pretty compliment, when our father one day said to me, in mother's presence :

"It was just such a bright, crisp day as this, filled with the sound of sleigh bells (ours), that *she gave me, with her eyes, the life-long compliment, herself!*"

Thus it was that their own attractiveness made their home delightfully attractive, not only to their immediate household, but to the large number of friends and travellers to whom they extended a sincere and generous hospitality; and made them valued, and representative of the world's best, in Church and State.

Our father's business interests took him much from home, but unless his journeys carried him over the mountains (a three weeks' ride on horse back, and which he made twice every year) to Philadelphia, or down the Mississippi to far away New Orleans, the end of each week found the entire household watching with happy expectancy for "father's coming!"

But his many affairs did not deprive his children of a goodly share of his companionship. In the sum-

mer time, at the season when berries were ripe on the hill sides and through the woods, our father never failed to keep some of his days for us. In the winter the sleighing was as eagerly looked to, and all the year 'round there was fun and play between father and children, and it was not always the smallest of the little folks that got a ride on father's knee, or on his beautiful horse—"Charger"—the pride of us all! Then there were pleasurings which our father could but seldom join in, but which were always made good to us—such as harvesting the hay from our play ground "*The Meadow.*" Nothing was allowed to trample on the myriad flowers that blossomed there, from the snow-kissed paticas to the violets that lost themselves among the growing grass; the which when grown to the harvest time furnished us with the greatest sport of the whole year. There it was our grandfather Farmer made himself one of us, giving whole days of his time to make sure that no harm

came to us while riding over the meadow on the haycocks that were drawn by a horse to where the haystacks were being made. A little too far forward and we could have tumbled on to the horse's heels, a little too far back—and what shouts at the fun of a roll off behind! Then there was the fishing in the stream, under the great sycamores—and the apple-gathering from the trees of the orchard, among whose branches we had made cradles for our dolls and helped the breezes rock them through the warm summer days. "Our swing" under the black walnut tree — and our garden with its rivalry of flower beds! All this territory was *ours* — without encroachment or molestation, and *then* it seemed as easy as it was a natural thing "for father" to have time to make holiday with us; *now* the remembrance of it all *helps* to hold him *close* as our mother in our childhood's life. I can think of no part of these years that was not "brim full" of happy content; the result of our father's and moth-

er's wise administration of their household.

A governess kept us six or more hours a day at our books; and to lend zest to our studies father built a small school room adjoining the little Meeting House that stood on a grassy plateau above the windings of the "creek"—a quarter of a mile's remove from our home; and there we had the companionship of some cousins in our work and play. It was ever an exciting day with us, up there in the little school room, when our mother and aunt (sometimes two aunts) came to hear us examined in our studies and to inspect our sewing, which accomplishment was a much thought-of part of our education. Under such circumstances our mother was received with the ceremonious courtesy of the office she was filling toward us, and I like to recall the sweetness of the dignity she then assumed toward her children.

The shadow of death but once darkened the sunlight in the dear, dear home among the hills; and

broken indeed were the promises of a beautiful life when our little brother James—at three years of age—went from us.

* * * * *

In the years of happy childhood there is no prophesy of change, neither recognition of its meaning when it comes; to-day is like yesterday, to-morrow will be the same, and this is childhood's fortune; not to be equaled by any after experience, however fortunate; and so the changes that were already waiting at the threshold of 1855 made no other impress on the minds of the younger members of the family than that of pleasant anticipation.

In that year, on one of May's brightest days, our eldest sister—Beulah—was married.

The little Meeting House on that day, for the first and only time, opened its doors to a wedding procession. This event with which the imagination of the younger children had been busy, satisfied them their sister was, indeed, very

beautiful, and that a wedding procession was something very ideal! And these children were entirely correct in regard to that particular bridal party.

The hills and country about still retained their primitive beauty—the only harmonious setting for the quaintly simple procession that, led by our father and mother, took its way up over the bit of rising ground and on, to the little Meeting House. It was, however, the bride on the arm of the groom, in her white satin gown and small white bonnet tied beneath her chin, that persuaded the younger children they were seeing something very ideal!

And so they were! And the picture remains!

* * * * *

Year by year—from 1834 to 1856—the business enterprises of our father made such inroads upon the delightful seclusion of our old home, that the charm of it was fast passing, and its undesirability for

longer residence decided our parents to remove to Cleveland, Ohio, which they did in 1856.

With this removal — however changed the outside surroundings— the face of the interior life wore the same serenity. Home—dear, sanctified home, *wherever they were!*

The family now included that man of dear and sainted memory— our grandfather Farmer, and it was in the first year of our home in Cleveland—late one evening—that we gathered for family prayers within his room, and our mother— ministering angel to him that she was—opened The Book and read from the 15th Chapter of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, —" Before the morning the saintly spirit of our grandfather had gone to inhabit one of the "many mansions."

* * * * *

Something more than two years passed in deciding just where the home altar should be permanently established. As far up town as

Euclid avenue, between Perry street and Sterling avenue, proved to be too far removed from the business and social center, and so the temporary "up town" house was given up, and our father bought on Superior street, east of the then fashionable Public Square center, the handsome stone house—with its tall Corinthian columns—which ever after was known as the Farmer homestead. I cannot allow the history of this old landmark—our father's and mother's dear and hospital home for more than thirty years—to pass out of sight with the passing of a paper of to-day,* which makes interesting and — to us — pathetic record of "The Farmer Residence."

*The Cleveland Plain Dealer of March 25th, 1900.

Home of
James and Meribah Farmer
on
Superior Street,
Cleveland.

Another View of the Home
on
Superior Street.

An Old Landmark to be Wiped Out.

The Farmer Residence, Last of the Old Dwellings on Superior Street Being Destroyed.

One by one the landmarks of the old city of Cleveland are passing away, and in another year or two none of the fine old houses that were the pride of the town not so very many years ago will be left to show us what the city was a generation or two ago.

It is not so very many years since Superior street, just above the Public Square, was by far the most desirable residence portion of the city. But little by little the business world claimed the street for its own, and the people who had owned the fine old houses died, or moved up on to Euclid, till the whole aspect of the street was changed.

When Bond street was cut through to Euclid it took one of the old mansions, and the Hollenden forced two others to make room for

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its great bulk. The very last of the lot to be left was the old Farmer house, which for the past few years has stood solitary and alone, squeezed in tight between the high brick buildings on either side, with its vacant, broken windows staring out over the high board fence built across its front—a veritable ghost of its former self.

And yet, in its day that house was the grandest of them all.

It was built way back in 1856 by Mr. Clinton French, and when people saw the style in which it was building, they shook their heads at such rank extravagance on the part of the owner. At that time the general architecture of the city was, as one of the editorial writers of the day expressed it, "a lot of dry goods boxes, with soap boxes set on top." And some of these ungraceful but comfortable mansions still survive to prove the truth of his saying. There were no architects, and builders went in for good, east square effects, and the name of art was never breathed in the land.

But Mr. French had different notions. He had found somewhere an engraving of a scene in ancient Greece. Near the front of the picture could be seen the tall, gleaming white columns of an old Greek portico, graceful and lovely, and he determined to have a house built just like that. So he began. What did he care if his neighbors shook their heads at his extravagance, and fairly groaned as they saw those tall, white columns going up? The house was different from any other in the city, it was handsome and more than all, it was a faithful copy of his engraving. He was quite satisfied. In August of 1856 the house was nearly completed and he then sold it to Philo Chamberlain, though the property was not to change hands till the following March.

During the intervening months work went on steadily on the rear portion of the building, while Mr. French himself lived in the front part, in a bedroom which was built opposite the reception room, on the

ground floor. The great parlor was on the second floor, stretching right across the front of the house, and during that winter it was the scene of many merrymakings among the young people of the neighborhood. Mr. French gave the use of the room, the girls brought the lunch, the young men furnished the music, and the young folks danced there far into the night. But in March all was finished, and the house delivered over to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. French taking in exchange the row of houses on Bond street, in one of which he still lives.

Mr. Chamberlain in turn sold the place to Mr. Henry Wick, the banker from Youngstown, and he again sold it to James Farmer, a Quaker gentleman who had recently come to Cleveland. In the Farmer family it stayed for years—so many that it has become known in the city as the Farmer homestead, though the name is hardly a correct one.

At that time Superior was indeed a handsome street, and some of the best known people in town lived in

the section between the square and Erie street. Philo Chamberlain and S. A. Raymond, whose houses may be seen in the accompanying view of the street, lived there for years. Then there was old Trinity church, and the rectory next door. Opposite, where the Plain Dealer offices now stand, lived Mrs. Shepherd, in a cottage which stood on the corner of Bond and Rockwell, the rest of the lot running to Superior, being occupied by a large garden. Mr. Sterling of Sterling, Welsh & Co. lived near by, and John A. Vincent, F. C. Keith, J. H. Morley, Sterling Beckwith, William Beckwith, who, when he died was president of the gas company. Then there was J. W. Grey, at that time editor of the Plain Dealer, and Edwin Cowles of the Leader, S. Corning, Charles Hickox, R. K. Winslow, Levi Rawson, who afterward sold his house to Dr. Robinson and Randal Wade, father of J. H. Wade. It was a handsome and aristocratic neighborhood, but its glories could not last.

Business blocks encroached on the great houses and the fine old gardens, and once Bond street was cut through it was but a little time till other houses went.

And now the very last, the Farmer house, is torn down to make an addition to The Hollenden.

* * * * *

Home of
James and Meribah Farmer,
781 Prospect Street,
Cleveland.

One more house was to become endeared to us, their children—because it was to be the last earthly home of our loved and revered parents.

Three years to our father, ten years to our mother was granted within the new home, No. 781 Prospect street.

They loved this new home well, and consecrating it with their love—their deaths—it must forever remain an equal sharer in our love and memory.

* * * * *

Our father's and mother's life-long allegiance to that "peculiar sect," the Society of Friends, made good, in their lives, the injunction: "Be ye *in* the world, not *of* the world," for while our father was a man of many affairs in the business world, he, not less than our mother, made no compromises or concessions with or to evil, a thing held by both to be as impossible to minds of true spiritual aspirations as it was hateful to the soul.

With neither concessions to, nor compromises with evil, there could come no surrender to unrighteousness, and I feel that of all the rich and varied legacies bequeathed to children (within three days of our father's going) from out the beautiful lives of parents none has a value more significant than this testimony of our father: "Sins of omission I have; none of commission." Rare, I am sure, as beautiful.

Besides the establishment and conduct of their lives on these all-masterful principles, our father and mother brought to bear in all their doing the force of marvelous physical health, both having received that incomparable gift of Nature, phenomenal constitutions. What then, with purpose consecrated and strength the best, could such do but prove that—

> "Life is just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on, educe the man."

and make good the truth that—

> "Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve."

And nothing is truer than that our father and mother did keep the "one end in view," and using life just as "a stuff to try the soul's strength on," did educe the full man.

In witness of this, one* wrote: "The sight of them now and then on the street has been to me the assurance of strength and peace on the earth, in the ranks of us men. They seemed to me noble representatives of a goodly stock, whom I, at least, cannot overrate. And now those dear old people, whom we used to see ride about town so serene, dignified and happy, are both gone. When shall we see the like again?"

When, indeed, shall we see the like again? And how other, with lives replete with consecrated effort and cheerful acquiescence with the laws of life, than that they should have been "noble representatives" of the "goodly stock" from which they came.

* *The Rev. Hiram C. Haydn, D. D.*

* * * * *

March of 1891 had come! — and it was while looking through one of the sun-bright windows of their new home on *that* early March day, that our father joyously exclaimed— "This is, indeed, a beautiful world, no vale of tears!" — bearing best testimony to that wondrous spirit which could, with no abatement of its natural joyousness, exclaim in the evening of life as in the morning of it—"beautiful world!"

And it was through the same sun-bright windows that our mother watched and waited for that morning whose light should again reveal to her, her dear companion's face!

"God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified,
And meant to break
The quivering threads between."

* * * * *

On the evening of the seventeenth of Third month (March), 1891—this "beautiful world" faded wholly from

OUR FATHER'S

sight; and "the quivering threads between" were broken, not to be reunited *until* the seven years of long, patient *waiting*, *waiting*, were ended, and

OUR MOTHER

watched the light of this "beautiful world" grow until it reached
The noon of the fourth of Fourth month (April), 1898.

And then the great glory shone upon *them both!*

* * * * *

"As thrills of a long hushed tune live in the viol, so our souls grow fine with the keen vibrations, from the touch divine, of noble natures gone."

"We meet and part 'tis brief;
The book I opened keeps a folded leaf,
The very chair I sat on, breaks the rank—"

James Farmer,

SON OF

JOHN AND MARY FARMER,

Born near Augusta, Georgia, nineteenth of
Seventh month (July), 1802.

"Such was my rule of life; I worked my best,
Subject to ultimate judgment, God's, not man's."

* * * * *

"Death reads the title clear
What each soul for itself conquered from out things here."

THUS far I have written of our father and mother together, one—inseparable—following a natural run of thought and one that will hold with their children so long as they are in this world of remembrances. And now I would gather up the threads of each individual life, "and weave its pattern on the individual loom."

In the early part of the seventeenth century, some of our father's ancestors crossed from England and settled in the southern part of the New World, to make its fortunes theirs. The Farmer family was of Saxon origin, and in the reign of Edward IV. lived in Northamptonshire.

From the family records we read:

"Anne, daughter of Richard Farmer, was married to William Lucy about 1545. Their son Thomas was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1565. (This was the Sir Thomas Lucy with whom Shakespeare had a disagreement in his boyhood.)

"Edward Farmer was chancelor of Salisbury Cathedral from 1531 to his death in 1538. His son Bartholomew was father to John Farmer, father of John Farmer."

* * * * *

William Farmer and Catherine, his wife, were the great grandparents of our father. Their son William, born the 14th of 4th month (April), 1751, and in that section of the South now included in the State of Georgia, was the grandfather of our father. John Farmer, our father's father, was the son of William Farmer by his second wife, Rebecca, and was born at the old homestead not far from Augusta, Ga., the 12th of 12th month (December), 1776.

Mary, our father's mother, was daughter of Richard and Mary Taylor, and was born the 1st of 1st month (January), 1780.

Our father was the second son, and child, of the eight children born to his parents, and one of the three born under warm, bright Southern

skies. Did those bright, genial skies endow our father with that warmth and geniality that was so markedly a characteristic of his nature? To think of him there, in that sunny South, nearly a century ago, his grandfathers hardly naturalized in the country of their adoption, gives us to feel that our father was born

"In the morning of the world,
When earth was nearer heaven than now"

and when such men seemed to stand with something of God-like strength,

"Serene amid the half-formed creatures 'round."

At all events, he had strength of mind and body, and soul sweetness that made of him a worthy son of worthy fathers, an honor to his honorable ancestry, and a man among men—wherein was all that goes to make such men as have no peers.

In *truth*, there can be no fulsome praise, and I should be bearing but poor witness to our father's great

nobleness of character, did I not first of all write, that *Truth* was the chief corner-stone of his life and all its doings; he fashioning every other stone to the corner-stone's likeness, building a temple in which was no flaw or blemish of unrighteousness. Successful business life meant to him, integrity in doing, as in character, and in his well-balanced mind such traits as calm judgment, quiet demeanor, serene disposition, high mindedness, deep charity and true justice, all had their seats. Of these justice was a controlling force, and one that he exercised with the utmost kindness. It is "a poor rule that does not work both ways," he was wont to say, and in preventing any from practicing injustice toward him or his he gave to that virtue its full value, making it a *positive* good, always. Despite his large experience in the business, social and religious world, in his dealings with men neither his manner nor habit was biased by prejudice or censoriousness. He believed in men, believed in the life of

the world, the ultimate triumph of good, and had a constant and forceful perception that, as all things come from God, all is God's, and taking great delight in the belief that as all Nature is the work of God, so is there to be found in it the revelation of God's mind; and thus that man might indeed,

> "Look through Nature up to
> Nature's God."

Nothing more beautiful or conclusive in testimony could be borne that our father felt,

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world,"

than that he smilingly expressed, as the brilliant sunshine of one of those March days shone into his room (when the gates of Paradise were standing ajar) "This is a beautiful world, no vale of tears!"

Not a touch of pessimism in his material or spiritual world; neither was the ritual of a sect his religion. Born into the gentle ways and true faith of the Society of Friends, he was a life-long, consistent member,

except for a short time in his young manhood; and his loss of membership only serves to show he was not a bondman to the ritual of a sect. These were days in which there were limitations to a man's freedom of action in the church, even in so good a cause as serving a friend. Our father's friend was not a Quaker, but of a sect that paid its ministers. Now the Quakers bore testimony against a paid ministry, and our father's friend would have him for groomsman at his wedding. He asked for indulgence in the matter, but the Quaker Church was no granter of indulgences, and so our father followed his own conscience—was groomsman—was disowned by the church, and remained outside its doors until he asked them to be opened to him again that he might lead to the altar our mother in marriage. Our father was wont to speak humorously of this episode and always indulgently of a zeal that was stronger than wise.

But my pen has run far away from that day in 1805 when our

grandparents, with their little family of three—two sons and a baby daughter — left "for conscience sake" the comfortable home in the warm, bright South, for the cold, bleak wilds of Ohio. A longer journey lay before them than that which the parents of our mother made to the same Western world; but the journey over the mountains was the same, and many times did our father tell of certain incidents of the journey that made an impression on his young mind like to that on our mother's — (he was about three years of age) and both our father and mother remembered "entering into the new land" from the same incident—given a bit of sugar-cane and told that from it sugar was made.

Our grandparents settled near the small town of New Garden and remained thereabouts until they removed to Columbiana County, twelve miles from the Ohio River. Here it was that our father began his long, successful business career. The story we, his children, know

well ; how, at sixteen years of age, he left school to help his father through financial difficulties; intending to return to his studies as soon as his father's affairs permitted, and always regretted they did not permit until he felt it to be too late. His father was manufacturing salt, and soon our father saw the business must be enlarged to be really lucrative. To see a thing was to set about its doing. The works were enlarged, a market found. Close on the heels of this enterprise followed that of establishing a general store for the convenience of the now improving country, and again the building of a large flour mill, which was regarded in the light of something almost wonderful at that time. About the time of this undertaking our father met and married Meribah Butler, modest and fair Quakeress, from near his boyhood's home, and riding down through the hills and along the valleys of that wild and picturesque country, brought her to grace his home and to be the beautiful, faith-

ful and loving wife and mother that she was.

It was now that our father's future successes really began to unroll before him.

Our mother's hands fashioned the fine silk bolting-cloth for the mill's use and once the flour began to descend from the then high fifth story of the mill, it was hauled away in wagons to the Ohio River, from there to take its way down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

This long journey as well as that over the Alleghanies to Philadelphia, our father many times made. This last on horseback, a three weeks' ride!

Courage as well as endurance was required for such journeying and I well remember how my heart swelled with pride in a father who never counted the "strain o' the muscle," and made one feel how good a thing it is to live,

"—the mere living!
how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy,"

the joy of well-doing, and doing nothing that is not well done.

Railroads were, by and by, being built, and our father conceived the idea of connecting Lake Erie and the Ohio River by rail. This road, "The Cleveland and Pittsburg," was among the first roads built west of the Alleghanies. Here were difficulties to be met and overcome worthy our father's splendid abilities, and he set about it with that energy which never knew defeat. Back and forth he rode from Lake to River, making friends from enemies to the project; for in that day farmers looked with disfavor on an enterprise that was to cut a field into two halves. They had to be educated to the truth of their own betterment, a thing easier to accomplish by one who *believed* in the enterprise than some other, and so the money, in small amounts, was obtained for grading the road-bed, before bonds could be floated. It was a glad and proud day with our father when this really great undertaking was successfully fin-

ished. For years he was its president, resigning the office in 1859, two years following his removal of our home to Cleveland. During these eventful years various business interests claimed his time and energies, of which was the opening and developing large coal fields. In 1871 he secured the charter, organized the Valley Railroad and became its president.

The great Civil War had come and gone, and though our father had not worn a sword, as had his forefathers of Revolutionary fame, he went as far as his religious principles permitted him in serving his country. The soldier was his brother and to the wounded soldier he could lend a helping hand. Our father and mother made a visit to Washington during Secretary of War Stanton's tenure of office, and received the courtesy—from friend to friend—of a pass to visit the great fleet of Union men-of-war then stationed at Hampton Roads, and afterwards—agreeable to the Secretary's complimentary

request—sent to the War Department a semi-official report. As had his father, so our father believed slavery to be a deep wrong to all mankind, and as his ancestors had borne testimony against it by giving up their home in the land they loved rather than seem to countenance a thing so hateful, our father gave himself with all heartiness to the support of the Union in its great struggle.

Time dealt so graciously with our father's strength that when he reached the "three score and ten" it was with mind and spirit as with body, unbroken, unbent!

On our father's seventieth birthday his son Elihu paid, in the following lines, a true and beautiful tribute to our father's nobleness of character—and surely seldom to be equaled, nobleness of living.

Our Father's 70th Birthday.

To the God of all sure mercies
Let our voices rise to-day,
And beseech him for his blessings
While we journey on our way.
For the days of busy battle
Of a life that now is ours,
Will soon end in solemn silence,
In a grave strewn o'er with flowers.

Let us gather round the hearthstone,
As we did in days gone by,
And make to-day a day of union,
To be registered on high.
Let us give our father greeting,
For he's threescore years and ten;
Let us as his children hail him
"Noblest and the best of men."

He has fought the battle bravely,
And has won where scores have lost;
He has never turned nor faltered,
But been ever at his post.

With his strong arm still uplifted,
And his eye undimmed to-night,
He is still among the foremost,
Leading bravely on the fight.

Nobly hast thou lived, our father,
Through these threescore years and ten,
Giving us a bright example,
Such as comes from but few men.
May thy last days be thy best days,
Is our universal prayer,
Breathed from lips that still are living,
And from those that now are air.

Thy children and thy children's children
Long will breathe thine honored name,
Turning oft in sorrow may be,
If their course be not the same.
Give us then thy benediction,
One and all where e'er we roam,
Take us in thine arms and bless us
As thou did'st in childhood's home.

May the flowers of many a spring-time
Come to greet thee yet again,
May the dews of blessing falling
Ripen thee as golden grain;
Which, when e'er the angel reapers

Shall descend to gather in,
May but prove the whitened harvest,
Free from every stain of sin.

With our mother still to bless thee,
Chiefest, best of womankind,
Pointing with her finger upward
As she looks on us behind.
May we tread the starry spaces,
A united band to be,
From the wilderness of this world,
Happy in eternity.

July 19, 1802. July 19, 1872.

E. J. F.

But our father's splendid life was not too "*soon* to end in solemn silence."

To God be the praise! that his life was to continue in all its usefulness, its brightness and goodness for yet another score of years! Age had no terrors for him who loved life and took joy in it at every stage; and much of this joyfulness in living our father ascribed to his wonderful health. For this he, as did our mother, felt a very positive gratitude, never giving for so positive a blessing a mere negative recognition.

And thus in strength the best, he went up and down the business and religious worlds—in and out among us in his home, and making long journeys with great ease and pleasure to himself and to those whose privilege it was to travel with him. In 1883 he made the voyage to Europe alone, we (my own immediate family) meeting him at Hamburg. How tall and straight he stood on the deck of the "S. S. Weiland" as she came along side

the landing! His seventy-eighth birthday had been spent on board (the day before landing) and it was with an amused but pleased manner that he told us his age had been guessed at by some of the passengers, none coming nearer to it than ten years! And so he looked, despite a slight break in his general health during that year.

"What's a man's age? * * *
* * *
When we mind labor, then, then only
we're too old."

The day of minding labor never arrived with our father, and his active participation in business continued to the end. His position of President of The State National Bank was one that he filled with pleasure to himself as well as benefit to the institution.

But how can my pen gather up anything like a satisfying record of lives so rich as those of our father and mother? The nearer I draw to the end the more do I feel the emptiness of words to convey any real idea of how truly noble and

beautiful were the characters and lives of our dear parents, who, putting off all the poorer conditions of earth, in a united happiness and freedom lived in obedience to the laws of a better world, and so in fullest enjoyment of "this short minute of life, our one chance, an eternity on either side," went on through this "one chance" making it fragrant with the sweetness of their living.

Our mother was wont to say—"father would have been a soldier had he not been born and educated a Friend;" than which no estimate of his indomitable courage and mathematical mind could be more correct; and a successful soldier, since his undertakings were not the result of impulse immature, though of enthusiasm he had far above the average. To conceive a thing was to follow it to a logical conclusion, and if that conclusion was satisfactory the thing was virtually finished.

This was as true of his spiritual life; and of the future life he was

in the habit of speaking with as much confidence as of anything which his eyes had seen. Some weeks before his last illness a Minister of the Society of Friends was talking with him concerning the future life, and asking him something of his own hopes and beliefs, our father made the prompt and characteristic reply, "That is all settled!" "That is all settled!"

And so with all else pertaining to his life; his house was in order, the lamp burning. No diminution of its light told us the end was but fourteen short days off, when March of 1891 came in with its spring promises.

Eighty-eight years of strength, of usefulness, of goodness!

"Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall
Though a battle's to fight 'ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all."

* * * * *

Then did we see how a strong man could go! It was as though his lips said,

"Yes,
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last!

* * * * *

For sudden the worst turns the
best to the brave.

* * * * *

* * first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp
thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

On the evening of the seventeenth of Third month (March) 1891, our father heard the summons—the welcome—

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The promise! The welcome!
The reward!
His.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God."

Meribah Farmer,

DAUGHTER OF

BENJAMIN AND HANNAH BUTLER,

Born near Philadelphia, Pa., fourteenth of Seventh month (July), 1805.

"I knew Thee, who has kept my path,
and made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering
sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy.
It were too strange that I should doubt
Thy love."

MORE than a hundred years ago, in Upper Evesham, near the banks of the Delaware, in New Jersey, at the little "Quaker Meeting House," was married Benjamin Butler, son of John and Eleanor Butler, to Hannah Webster, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Webster. These were of English birth, and were the parents of our dear mother; who was the sixth child of a family of ten ; four sons and six daughters, all of whom our mother survived.

Their daughter Meribah—our mother—was born after her parents had removed to the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

When our mother was about six years old her parents, as had the parents of our father when he was three years old, crossed the Alleghany Mountains to make their home in a new country, the then far West—Ohio. What a journey lay before them ! Weeks of slow-going over the rough mountain highway, to be continued over no better roadways into the almost

wilderness country thirty or more miles beyond the banks of the Ohio.

But nothing daunted, the family of ten set off, and our grandmother, mother of eight children that she was, found time to make notes of her enthusiastic appreciation and enjoyment of Nature, and from which she drew an inspiration as delightful and strong as her courage. She gives many interesting details of that long journey that would be not less curious to-day than then; but when at the close of one of the many long days she writes, "All well, and all asleep but myself; about eleven at night. * * * * * the children were very lively and much delighted on the mountains picking of flowers," we get a charming glimpse of our mother's happy childhood, and at once we link it with our own. "Picking of flowers!" Our mother was among the mountains, journeying toward the country of our own delightfully happy childhood, where through the days of sum-

mer and summer, we gathered flowers from the over-hanging cliffs of the mountainous hills that skirted "*Our Meadow*" about, and, together with the little "creek" that cut "*our meadow's*" edges into fantastic shapes, shut us safely in upon that beauteous bit of playground, "o'errun with flowers," and only "a stone's throw from the garden wall," wherein our mother grew roses and taught us to plant and tend, and love our tendings!

The truly poetic nature of our mother lent a charming grace to her outward as well as to her inner life and touched to beauty the homeliest of her life's duties. Early and always were our ears made familiar with the countless poetic quotations which our mother repeated in an epigrammatic way, to illustrate a truth or point a moral. A poetess in temperament so she might have been in name had she so chosen, for her gift with the pen was not an acquired accomplishment.

Under our mother's executive ability, how simple and almost easy seemed the management of her large household. That it was neither easy nor simple, the fact that it was composed of seven children, the almost daily coming and going of guests, and with only such servants as a new country offers, fully demonstrates. But our mother's executive abilities, supported by her perfect health, not only made the administration of her household possible, but insured to her "golden hours" of repose during the long summer afternoons, there in the dear old house among the hills. And this picture that she then made, sitting there in her beautiful womanhood, is not less distinct nor less picturesque and poetic than that of this same dear mother sitting beside the same little table, with its chosen books, through the lengthening shadows of the last afternoons of her beautiful life, there in the home where our father left her.

Change of home made no change in home life, though a greater num-

ber of outside interests claimed our mother's time.

In turn she devoted herself to various charities, the Cleveland Protestant Orphan Asylum, The Aid Society of the Civil War, The Homœpathic Hospital, The Retreat, and always the work among the Freedmen and the Indians as carried on through the Board of the Society of Friends.

Note—I much regret not being able to find certain letters of kind and complimentary recognition, sent by these various societies, of our mother's valued services with them, and which was discontinued only because of advancing years.

Time dealt graciously with our beautiful mother and gave clear evidence that with her as with our father,

> "The best is yet to be
> The last of life, for which the first
> was made."

For, as they *together*, all those fifty-seven years of life, so she in thought and deed proclaimed, through the seven, in which she walked alone,

"Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God;
See all, nor be afraid'!"

From the Spring of 1891 our mother was to journey on alone! *Alone!* Our father had gone from the sight of her eyes, never—I am persuaded—from the close companionship of her spirit.

To repine was not to submit to God's great will, neither was it "Christian fortitude" in the bearing the cross laid upon her, and so no child-of-us saw our mother do other than sit with sweet patience through the seven lonely years, holding her Bible ever more and more closely in tender, worshipful clasp.

The months following our father's death, our mother's sweet faith followed her pathetic wishes to that degree, that she believed she would be granted that "blessed re-union" promised to the children of God, before the event of her next, her eighty-sixth birthday, and ever-to-be-remembered is the sound of her

almost timid voice, deep with a tender, touching pathos when she said to me, "I thought I would have been with father to-day!" and in her eyes I read,

"I, a tired traveller of my sun bereft!"

"*Waiting! Waiting!*" was her pathetic answer to many a tender inquiry, for though her patience was without limit, and her gratitude for health (that continued unbroken) boundless, and of repining none; yet neither a reverent recognition of all her blessing nor the fullest exercise of the grace of her submissive spirit served to dispel a loneliness that came to stay when our father, her beloved companion of more than half a century, went. The seven years of "waiting" were filled with an ever-increasing sense of loneliness, and tested not less fully the quality of our mother's faith than did the quick, sharp sorrow that came earlier in her life, in the loss of their two children—dearly loved. Our mother believed that to give the spirit over to long and excessive

grief was more like rebellion against, than submission to the divine will, and surely faith was never put to a more crucial test than on that summer evening when our sister Laura in the fairest promises of her lovely young womanhood went from our home. But, hear our mother's voice! As the spirit of this most precious daughter left her frail body, there broke from our mother's lips, in a voice sublimed by its agony of sorrow, the triumphant cry of a triumphant faith, "*Father, receive her spirit!*" No least shadow of doubt; the surrender was complete, triumphant, sublime—"I give her back to Thee."

* * * * *

Our mother had early been accepted into the ministry of The Society of Friends, and in meetings for worship and meetings for business both at home and abroad, she ministered in the spirit with great strength and sweetness.

But through all sorrows as through all joys there had ever been

about her the strong arm of our father. *Now*, who indeed could comfort her lonely spirit, or touch with like tenderness the dear, bruised heart?

Alone! "*Waiting! Waiting!*"

To a life that had been filled to repletion with active service in all the callings of that life, the few years of inaction that came towards the end required for their patient acceptance an immense trustfulness of the spirit, almost more than our mother sometimes felt she had. Smilingly she would try to take comfort from the assurance that "*they also serve who only stand and wait*," and it was with a mind no whit dulled that she recognized the time of her patient serving was nearing its end.

Gently, surely, uncomplainingly went on our mother's life to its beautiful close. Without physical pain and with no spiritual doubts save such as ever seem to be a part of the very faith of the worthy, and which with our dear mother found expression in her oft-repeat-

ed, "All through mercy!" "All through mercy!" her voice giving to the true and deep humbleness of her spirit, as expressed in these words, a wondrous sense of the trustfulness in which her spirit took rest.

> "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."
>
> "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."
>
> "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."
>
> "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

And thus through the seven years of her widowhood, as through the fifty-seven years of her wifehood, did we hear our mother voice the sweet promises of her beloved Lord and Master, and through these seven lonely years we saw how the dear form bent somewhat lower and the hair whiten, but the mind and spirit-of-her burn on with no uncertain light.

Her prayers that mind might be spared her, might withstand the ravages of the increasing years, was to the fullest granted, and it was our joy to see the light of that increasingly beautiful mind and spirit fall in undimmed brightness through the last as through the first of all the ninety-two years—years that stood like unbroken arches complete and with a wondrous beauty in the holy cloister of our mother's life!

Late in March came the day on which, for the last time, she laid her Bible—constant companion and comforter—on the little table, and from the same room in which our father triumphantly exclaimed: "This is indeed a beautiful world; no vale of tears; and I have full faith that all will be well in the next," our mother's spirit went out to join our father's—*There!*—where, united forevermore, they are among the sons and daughters of God.

"God gives each man one life, like a lamp,
then gives
That lamp due measure of oil, lamp
lighted—hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share."

We have seen how our sainted mother held high, waved wide the lighted lamp that God gave her, and our faith would be little worthy did it not give us the goodly assurance that, as the sounds of earth were growing faint to ceasing altogether, to her listening ear, she heard the blessed promise repeated in tones of heavenly welcome,

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The promise! The welcome!
The reward!
Hers.
On the 4th day of 4th month
(April) 1898.

"Blessed are the pure in heart
for they shall see God."

And this is our faith—that "in Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs' and ours'," are they,

OUR FATHER AND OUR MOTHER,

united forevermore.

"One after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into the eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far!"

James Farmer.

"It is the witness still of excellency."

From The Magazine of Western History, November, 1885.

James Farmer.

Mr. James Farmer, the first president of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad Company, and one of the active forces by which that great and useful steam highway was brought into being, has been so identified with the railroad interests of northeastern Ohio that his record is a part of their history. Because he has not vaunted his own works, because he has given his hand to the more quiet labors whose results are great, and because he has stood modestly back and claimed nothing in special honor to himself, form no reason why the truth should not be told and his relation to the new and struggling enterprises in their days of beginning placed fully on record.

Mr. Farmer was born in Augusta, Georgia, on July 19, 1802, of an honored English ancestry. His grandfather was a brave and pa-

triotic soldier on the right side during the War of the Revolution, participating in many battles and doing all that lay in his power for the success of the Continental arms. His son, the father of the subject of this sketch, decided to leave the South because of slavery, in which he could not believe, and came to Ohio, in 1805, settling on a tract of land in what afterwards became Columbiana county. In 1818 he removed to Salineville, in the same county. The son was given such educational chances as fell to the lot of the farmer boys in those days, and made the best possible use of them. He was at the same time given a physical and business training, the former on the farm and the latter in connection with his father's establishment for the manufacture of salt. By the time he was twenty-two he had shown such development that he leased these works, enlarged them, and gave to them four years of tireless industry and energy. In 1828 he saw a chance for the enlargement of his business,

and crossing the mountains to Philadelphia purchased a stock of goods suited to the demands of his customers in those primitive days. Returning he opened a store, and thus commenced a mercantile career that extended over thirty prosperous and busy years. In 1834 he again extended operations, building a flouring mill that was considered large for those days, purchasing wheat and manufacturing flour which he shipped to New York, Philadelphia and other large commercial points in the East. All these business enterprises, with the traveling and acquaintance they involved, gave to Mr. Farmer an insight into the transportation problem that was denied most men, and his mind was of that broad and logical character that enabled him to make good use of the knowledge he possessed. In the early days of the decade running from 1840 to 1850, he gave a practical proof of his desire to develop means of transportation in a section where they were needed, by building a fine

steamer which was set afloat in 1844 and which for several years was employed on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, touching at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans.

The railroad spirit was again moving in those days. As has been shown above, the several projects designed to unite the waters of Lake Erie and the Ohio river, and to bring Cleveland and Pittsburgh nearer together, had either died the death that knows no waking or been laid into a sleep from which but few of them were to come forth with strength enough to continue the hard fight. On March 11, 1845, an act of revival was passed by the Ohio legislature, and the old charter permitting a road from Cleveland to Pittsburgh was again brought into life, under such amendments and modifications as suited the needs and experience of that latter day. Mr. Farmer was one of the foremost in this renewed enterprise, and gave to it a courage, faith and labor that has never been

half appreciated or understood. He was chosen the first president of the company, and entered upon his duties with an earnestness and patient purpose that could not but command results, giving of his time, money and energies in such quantities as the great task demanded. The difficulties in the way were many, and can never be fully appreciated or understood in this day of knowledge and light. As the Cleveland & Pittsburgh was one of the first roads built west of the Alleghany mountains, the difficulties to be overcome in its construction were of a vexing and troublesome character. Capital had to be raised all along the line by small subscriptions to grade the roadbed before bonds could be issued or credit gained to secure the equipment. Rights of way could only be secured after innumerable prejudices had been removed from the minds of the people. Meetings had to be held and addresses delivered in every village and township through which the road was to pass, and

thus for several years Mr. Farmer was passing backward and forward between Cleveland and the Ohio river, attending to the numerous and grave responsiblities of his mission. It was under his able management that all the difficulties were finally overcome and the road completed, opening up a territory rich in mineral wealth, and giving a great impetus to the business of Cleveland. Mr. Farmer purchased all the machinery and cars for the line, and was the first to introduce the burning of coal upon its locomotives. He retired for a time from the active control of the road, but in 1858 was again called to its presidency. In order to facilitate its management, the superintendency was also assigned to him. It was mainly through his wise and economical administration that the road was saved to its stockholders and from falling into the hands of the bondholders in the great financial crash of 1857, when so many of the new and struggling railroads of the land went by the board. In

1859, feeling that it was again on a secure footing and that he had a right to impose upon others the burdens he had so long borne, he retired from the presidency, remaining, however, a member of its board of directors for several years thereafter, when he withdrew entirely, having faithfully served the company for nearly twenty years.

But the above by no means comprises all the service Mr. Farmer has rendered this public in the line of railroad development. For some years previous to 1871 he agitated the subject of building a road up the Cuyahoga valley, from Cleveland to Akron and Canton, and down through the coal fields of the state to the Ohio river. In 1871 he secured a charter for that purpose, and a company was organized of which he was chosen president. The history of that line, the Valley railroad, with some suggestion as to the good it has done Cleveland, have already been noted in the foregoing pages. Mr. Farmer was a friend to the enterprise from first to

last, and did everything that lay in his power to make it a success.

Mr. Farmer's life has, indeed, been a busy one. His early years in Salineville and his great efforts in connection with these roads have been supplemented by other enterprises and business connections, needless to mention here. As a producer of coal from mines of his own, as a manufacturer of iron, in connection with the banking interests of Cleveland, and in other ways, his time and capital have been well employed. He removed to Cleveland in 1856, since which this city has been his home. In 1834 he was married to Miss Meribah Butler, a young lady of English parentage, who had previously removed with her parents from Philadalphia to Ohio, and who still walks beside him in the noble Christian life that has been so well lived by both. Seven children have blessed this union, of whom five are living. Mr. Farmer is now in his eighty-fourth year and retains his physical faculties in a wonder-

ful degree, while his mind still holds its old-time vigor and clearness. He is loved and honored by the community for which he has done so much, and his record is among its highest examples of a worthy and manly life. While he has done so much for others, he has not been one to push himself forward, but has ever been of a modest and retiring disposition, winning the respect and confidence of all who knew him, and ever holding the love and admiration of his own family. He is an honored member of the Society of Friends. The personal characteristics most marked in his mental make-up are a well-balanced mind, a calm judgment, quiet demeanor and serene disposition; a deep charity for the failure of others, genial manner, a close observer of men and events, and a natural honesty and high-mindedness that can never be swerved from the right. The struggles and sacrifices necessary to carry forward such works as the building of the roads with which he has

been so closely connected can be appreciated only by those who witnessed his heroic efforts; nor can they be depicted in any adequate proportion in a brief sketch like this. Suffice it to say that Mr. Farmer has accomplished whatever he has undertaken, and his undertakings have been of a high order and will stand as worthy monuments to his fame.

From the State National Bank.

CLEVELAND,
March 20th, 1891.

Mrs. James Farmer and family:

DEAR FRIENDS.—At a meeting of the Directors of this Bank, held this day, the following record was made relative to the death of our lamented President, to wit:

In the death of James Farmer, who for a long time was President of The State National Bank, we have suffered a great loss, and the Directors desire to place on record the expression of their sincere esteem and regard for him. As an officer of the Bank his mature, wise and conservative counsel was invaluable. He was a man of integrity. To each one of us he was a friend, and his loss is a personal loss. We extend to the family our warmest sympathy, and the Cashier

is directed to send them a copy of this, our last tribute to the memory of our friend and associate.

Very truly yours,

H. C. Ellison,

Cashier.

From the Cleveland Leader.

The Late James Farmer.

He Was One of the Leaders in Building the Cleveland & Pittsburg and Valley Railroads—His Ability as a Financier—His Services to the Government During the War—A Man of Conspicuously Upright Character.

James Farmer, the president of the State National Bank, whose death was announced in yesterday's Leader, was one of the pioneers of Cleveland and prominently identified with the city's earliest business movements. Mr. Farmer was born in Georgia in 1802 and was of English ancestry, being a descendant of Governor Oglethorpe. The greatest part of his life, however, was spent in Ohio, and in Cleveland. He was prominetly identified with many enterprises tending to the advancement of Cleveland. He conceived the idea of building the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad

and was its builder. The road was one of the first built west of the Alleghenies and Mr. Farmer found many difficulties to overcome. It was necessary to grade the roadbed before any bonds could be issued to secure further construction of the equipment. He raised the money necessary for the grading by inducing people living along the proposed line to subscribe small amounts. After much hard work he succeeded in raising this money, then floated the bonds and completed the task. He was the first president of the company, serving for many years. It was mainly through his efforts that the road was saved to the stockholders in the financial panic of 1857. In 1859, when the road was firmly established, he resigned his position as president, but remained a member of the board of directors. He served as a director for a few years, retiring after a connection of twenty years with the company. For some years previous to 1871 he advocated the construction of a rail-

road from Cleveland to the Ohio river, running through Akron and Canton. In 1871 he secured a charter and organized the Valley Railroad. He was chosen president of the company.

During the Rebellion Mr. Farmer was a firm supporter of the Union. He visited Washington city during the war and called upon Secretary Stanton, who was an old and intimate friend. Mr. Stanton sent him to Hampton Roads where the great fleet of Union men-of-war was stationed. At Secretary Stanton's request he prepared a report concerning the vessels, their equipment, and usefulness.

Mr. Farmer was president of the Ohio National Bank and when its charter expired was prominent in the organization of the State National Bank, of which he was president at the time of his death.

He was a life-long member of the Society of Friends and was well known and highly respected by that body of Christian believers throughout the United States. He gave

liberally to Christian projects and to charities, and lived a notably honorable and upright life.

From a Society of Friends' paper.

James Farmer.

James Farmer was born near Augusta, Ga., Seventh Month 19, 1802, and fell asleep Third Month 17, 1891, in the 89th year of his age. His ancestors came from England during the early part of the seventeenth century, where the family had been mentioned with special honor since the days of Henry VIII. His grandfather took an active part in the American Revolution. In 1805 his father decided on account of slavery, to leave the South. He moved to Ohio and settled in Columbiana county, becoming one of the pioneers of the Society of Friends in what is now Ohio Yearly Meeting. In 1818 the family moved to Salineville, O., where James grew to manhood. In 1834 he was married to Meribah Butler, a sister of the late John Butler. This happy union continued for upward of 57 years and was

blessed with seven children, five of whom are living. His aged companion, a son, four daughters, and numerous grandchildren survive him and mourn his departure, but not as those who have no hope.

James Farmer was an active business man, engaged in manufacturing, mining, railroads, and banking interests for seventy years, and during this long period—covering the entire time usually allotted to man on earth—he carried his religious principles into his business; he was noted for his honesty and integrity; always above suspicion, he had the full confidence of his business associates and the people among whom he lived. In his life we had an emphasis given to the ennobling influences of the Christian faith, and how that faith is the underlying and sustaining force of a truly successful life.

During the Rebellion he was a firm supporter of the Union, and at one time early in the war visited Washington and called upon Secretary Stanton, who was an old and

intimate friend. So great was the Secretary's confidence in him that he sent him to Hampton Roads, where the great fleet of Union men-of-war was stationed, on a mission of inspection. Here he prepared a report concerning the vessels, their equipment and usefulness, that was very satisfactory to the government.

He was a loving and devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, and a true follower of Christ. He gave liberally to Christian projects and charities; always kind and considerate to the poor and needy.

He was a strong adherent to the principles of the Society of Friends, and his life was a constant testimony to the truth of the teachings of George Fox. He was a leader among his brethren in the church, looked up to as a safe adviser in the administration of the government of the church. He would sacrifice his personal business interests to attend the yearly meetings, and other gatherings of Friends, that he might lend his in-

fluence for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. He was very regular and punctual in attendance upon the place of worship. His testimonies to the power of Christ to save were clear and definite. There could be but one end to such a life—Triumph! But a few weeks ago it was the writer's privilege to have a personal conversation with him concerning his spiritual interests and hopes for the future. He replied, with considerable emphasis, "That is all settled! That is all settled!"

During his last illess he was conscious and in full possession of his mental faculties to the last. He was full of tenderness and affection to all members of his family, and directed the affairs around his bed until within a few hours of his departure. He had the greatest regard for her who had walked by his side for over half a century. Calling his only son to his bed-side he said: "How tender and loving are the words of Christ on the cross when he said to the beloved disciple,

'Behold thy mother?' " thus he expressed in the tenderest manner the resignation of mother to the tender care of their son.

He gave expression to his readiness to meet death in the significant expression "My sins have gone on before me to judgment." Yet he trusted not in himself, saying at times, "It is all of mercy! It is all of mercy!"

His vacent seat in the Cleveland Meeting causes many hearts to be sad, but all rejoice in the hope of meeting again. Funeral services were held at the residence Seventh-day afternoon, the 21st, when all that was mortal was laid away in Lake View cemetery to await the resurrection morning. The influence of his life will never die, but like a benediction ever rest upon all who were privileged to be associated with him.

P. W. RAIDABAUGH.

Meribah Farmer.

"Goodness loves to diffuse itself, and
Those who have it love to give it."

From the Cleveland Leader, 7th April, 1898.

From Life.

A Venerable Resident of Cleveland Passes Away.—Meribah Farmer's Death.—It Occurred on Monday at her Home on Prospect Street.—Ninety-three Years of Age.—Her Illness was brief, lasting only a few days.—Her Husband, the late James Farmer, was for twenty years President of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Cleveland passed from life on Monday. This was Mrs. Meribah Farmer whose age was ninety-three years. Mrs. Farmer was Miss Meribah Butler, and came of Quaker stock, having been born in Philadelphia in 1805. Her parents removed to Salem, O., in the same year.*

Three years prior to this, in 1803,† there removed to Salineville, O., the parents of James Farmer, also

* (*Incorrect*), 1811.
† (*Incorrect*), 1818.

Quakers. Scarcely a resident of Cleveland at that time but knew James Farmer, a striking figure, with his old-fashioned broad-brimmed Quaker hat and his quiet manners. James Farmer married Meribah Butler and at first they lived at Salineville, but later moved to Cleveland, so many years ago that there is scarcely a person living in the city who can remember when

THEY WERE NOT HERE.

Mr. Farmer died in 1891, aged eighty-nine years. He was wealthy. He made his first money in sending boats down the Mississippi to New Orleans. He was the prime mover and the first president of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad Company, surveying most of the road himself, and traveling on horseback in so doing. For twenty years he was the head of the road.

When Mr. and Mrs. Farmer located in Cleveland they lived on very nearly the same spot on Euclid

avenue where General James Barnett now lives. They found this too far out, as in the wet season the streets were nearly impassable, and as it took an hour to reach the Public Square they removed to a house on Superior street, which still stands, it being the one next the Hollenden on the east. There they lived until a few years before Mr. Farmer's death, when they bought the house at No. 781 Prospect street where Mrs. Farmer died.

Both Mrs. Farmer and her husband adhered to the dress and manners of the Quakers all their lives. As Mr. Farmer always wore his white necktie and his broad-brimmed hat, so his wife to the last wore her Quaker bonnet and quiet unostentatious attire. The Friends Society of the city will

CONDUCT THE FUNERAL.

In her lifetime she did much for charity, her especial charities, in both of which she maintained a great interest to the last, being the Homeopathic Hospital and the

Cleveland Protestant Orphan Asylum. Up to nearly the last she retained her faculties. Mr. Kenyon V. Painter, a grandson, said yesterday that on the Friday preceding the day of her death he had occasion to go to the East, and in bidding his grandmother good-bye he thought he had never seen her in apparently better health. She was in possession of all her faculties. The immediate cause of her death was congestion of the lungs.

Mrs. Farmer left five children—Mr. E. J. Farmer, Mrs. J. V. Painter, and Mrs. Elizabeth E. Colwell, of this city, Mrs. Beulah Price, of Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. William Price, of Newark, N. J. One of the daughters of Mrs. Beulah Price is the wife of Attorney General Griggs, of President McKinley's Cabinet.

The funeral will be from the house, No. 781 Prospect street, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The interment will be in Lake View cemetery.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer, 7th April 1898.

Pioneer Resident.

Death of Mrs. Meribah Farmer at an Advanced Age.—She Was Born in 1805.—Came to Cleveland When it Was but a Village.—Widow of James Farmer.—Her Husband Owned the First Flour Mill in Ohio and was the Projector of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad, of Which He Was President for Many Years—Mrs. Farmer Was Noted for Her Charitable Work.

In the death of Mrs. Meribah Farmer, widow of the late James Farmer, at her home, No. 781 Prospect street, at noon Monday, Cleveland lost one of its oldest pioneers and most estimable citizens. She came here when Cleveland was almost a wilderness, and had seen the city grow up about her and had, indeed, contributed no mean share to its development. Though ninety-three years old, she retained her mental faculties to the end, and kept, through the close and daily perusal of the newspapers, her hold upon

current events. She frequently engaged in entertaining discussions upon the affairs of to-day with her family, and manifested an uncommon interest in things for one so old.

On Friday last Mrs. Farmer was seized with a cold, slight at first, but which rapidly developed into congestion of the lungs, and on Monday noon, surrounded by members of her household, she died.

Mrs. Farmer was born in Salem,* O., in 1805, her parents having come to this state from Philadelphia during that year. She met and married James Farmer, who was born in Salineville† in 1802, and came to Cleveland in the early '50s.

Cleveland was then, of course a straggling village, but of great possibilities, which Mr. Farmer, with wonderful precision, foresaw. He built and owned the first flour mill in Ohio, and soon was supplying the coast trade with flour. He was the first to send flour

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* (*Incorrect*), near Philadelphia.

† (*Incorrect*), near Augusta, Ga.

by an all water route to New Orleans from Ohio. He also owned a salt well and sent away immense shipments of salt. Later his energies found vent in establishing the Cleveland & Pittsburg railway, of which he was for many years president. He surveyed every inch of the route himself on horseback, and it can truly be said that he actually built the road. It is a curious circumstance that by the original survey the road was to have entered Cleveland along Erie street, striking Superior street in the location now occupied by the Hollenden. A mere technicality caused the route to be changed to the present one along Willson avenue. Mr. Farmer was president for a number of years of the State National bank.

When Mr. and Mrs. Farmer first came to Cleveland they lived on Euclid avenue, between Perry and Sterling, but the road at that time was constantly in such deplorable condition that after struggling through the mud for a year they decided to remove nearer the center

of the village. They established a home on Superior street on property adjoining the Hollenden, and lived there until a decade ago. The old house is still standing and may be noted by the massive pillars which form the porch.

Mrs. Farmer lived a very active life. She became deeply interested in the Homœpathic Hospital and in the Cleveland Orphan Asylum. During the war she gave nearly her entire time to the sanitary service, assisting in every way possible to provide for the comfort of the boys in the hospital and in the field. Since the war she has been identified with various charitable societies. Mrs. Farmer was a devout Quaker.

The following children survive her; Mrs. J. V. Painter, and Mr. E. J. Farmer, of this city, Mrs. Warwick Price, of Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. William Price, of Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Elizabeth Colwell, of Newark, N. J.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. to-day.

To the Relatives of Meribah Farmer.

OUR beloved Friend and Minister, Meribah Farmer, having been called to the life beyond, on the fourth of the Fourth month, 1898, in the ninety-third year of her age, we wish to place upon our records a loving tribute to her, and praise to our Lord for His goodness. When she, with her late husband, James Farmer, came to this city, more than forty years since, they opened their own home and invited others to join them there in worshipping the Lord whom they loved.

This was the commencement of The Friends' Meeting, now established here, and to which their hearts were closely allied as long as they lived.

Our Friend exercised her gift in the Ministry at houses and in other places acceptably to her friends. We mourn our loss as for a loving mother in Israel, watchful over the eternal interests of the Church, pointing others to Christ the

Saviour, rejoicing over every one brought into the fold, and encouraging them to walk in Christ's footsteps.

Their home ever continued to be one of hospitality, and a resting place for those in the service of the Lord.

Not trusting in her own merits, but only in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, her end was peace.

> "Thou shalt come to thy grave
> in a full age, like as a shock
> of corn cometh in his season."

Signed,
By Committee from Meeting
of Ministry and Oversight.

L. Maria Stanley,
Matilda M. Russell.

Cleveland,
Fourth Month, 1898.

"I spoke as I saw.
I report, as a man may of God's work—
all's love, yet all's law."

"I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once 'How
good to live and learn?'"

L. E. F. P.

March, 1900.

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